

Martin High Student Wins First In Beginners' Typing

Representing Martin High School in the recent Typing contest sponsored by the Business Administration Department, Peggy Byars took first place with a score of 98.

Ranking second was Nellie Wilkerson of Bells, Tennessee. She received a Parker 51 pen. Valeria Vaughn and Barbara Kendall of Troy, Tennessee, ranked third and fourth respectively.

SEE PICTURES ON BACK PAGE

beautiful Parker Pen and Pencil Set donated by Howard D. Happy Company of Mayfield, Kentucky.

Lanell Owen of Milan, Tennessee, won the second place prize of a fountain pen donated by Howard D. Happy Company.

In addition to the contest proper, there was a display of office machines by Caldwell's Office Outfitters of Union City, Tennessee.

Our congratulations to the 59 students who took part in the contest. Especially so to the winners and the schools they so ably represented.

The following beginning students competed. Peggy Byars, Nellie Wilkinson, Valeria Vaughn, Barbara Kendall, Ann Dillard, Betty Carol Williams, Janet Gaylord, Louise Smith, Don Jordan, Mary Lou Jimerison, Lial Mae Taylor, Macy Dinkins, Bobby Head, Mildred Laster, Willis Gene Littrell, Patricia Gladhill, Bettye Dean Banks, Ruby Neal Stallings, Billy Simmons, George Lemonds, Evelyn Spencer, Patricia Pierce, Jessie Pearl Klutts, Joan Cox, Plooy Crowder, Martha Walker, Gladys Emerson, Freeda Eifer, Vernon Miller, Mary Sue Bethel, Shirley Fly, Jimmy Colvett, Mooney Stamps.

The following advanced students competed. Joanne Griggs, Lanell Owen, Valda Crider, Willa Dean Lovings, Mary Sue Barr, Ruth Edmonds, Anelle Headen, Peggy Justiss, Patricia Smith, Betty Lashlee, Louise Hurt, Jean Campbell, Dorothy Cook, Betty Wright, Mary Lee Puckett, Janice Riley, Sue Mosley, Gene Childress, Winnie Faye Tansil, Vivian Bynum, Maxine Kernode, Betty Brooks, Betty Jean Parrett.

Radio Schedule For Spring Quarter Outlined

Mr. Allen, chairman of the Faculty Radio Committee, has announced the following list of college broadcasts for the remainder of the Spring Quarter.

- April 12, Clairnet Music, Mr. Chenette.
April 14, Goshort in Every Day Life, Mr. Wishart.
April 19, Music Students, Florence Walters.
April 21, Popular Ballads, Mr. Henson.
April 26, Reminiscences, Mrs. Davies.
April 28, Student Musicians, Bruce Walker.
May 3, Spring of '49 in Retrospect, Mr. H. B. Smith.
May 5, Knights of the Wooden Box, Mrs. Thomas.
May 10, Devotional Program, Church of Christ, Brother Stockard.
May 12, Hints on Spring Gardens, Mr. McMahan.
May 17, Vocal Solos, Mr. Sadler.
May 19, Trials of a Writer, Mr. Kroll.
May 24, Life at Our Student, Center, Mr. Duncan.
May 26, American Legion Auxiliary, Mrs. Atkins.
May 31, Faculty Musical Program, Mr. Campbell.

Three Former Students Rank High at Knoxville

James Hugh Ragon, of Bolivar, William H. Dodson, of Alamo, and Robert W. Maxwell, of Darden, former Junior College students, made all A's at Knoxville. This announcement was made when the honor roll lists were published a short time ago.

Forum Club On Road With Series of Programs; Two Programs Developed

Promptly at eight A. M. on Thursday, March 31, two cars loaded with members of the Forum Club left the college campus to begin a series of programs that were to last throughout the day.

Of course no one had had breakfast at such a ghastly hour, and according to report, not much sleep either. If you happened to pass the First Baptist Church the previous Wednesday night and heard rather secular strains of music (namely the Desert Song) issuing from that building in the form of a tenor voice—well, that was Forum Club preparations.

Well, anyway, we all thought we were well-prepared to give class A programs when we left. Every detail had been thoroughly rehearsed. They've got to be good," had quoted Mr. Allen. But strange things can happen—completely unexpected things, that is. For example, did you ever try to tap dance on a wool rug, or play a piano without a pedal on it? Well, both are interesting situations, but doesn't ever think that little minor details like that could ever stop the Forum Club? Oh, no!

Delta Phi Delta Holds Enjoyable Theater Party

April 8, at 6:45 p.m., the Delta Phi Delta girls gave a theater party. All the guys and gals walked to town to see a movie.

The picture show was Three Godfathers. It was a story of the old West and was set on the desert. During the whole show, "water" was the greatest need. So effective was it that many in the audience went out thirstier than they went in.

We (the boys) wish to thank the girls for a swell time. We also enjoyed dancing at the gym and wish to thank the chaperones Miss Fulton, Mrs. Chenette, Mr. Campbell, and Mr. Henson, who made that possible.

'Trial by Jury' Highlights UTJC Chorus Initial Appearance



Rehearsal Highlight of Trial by Jury

Woody Receives Citations for Heroism While in Naval Service

On March 23 a special assembly was called of the student body at which time James Woody, one of our most distinguished students, was paid tribute for his valorous action during World War Two by being presented with a number of medals.

Woody, a native of Scotts Hill, Tennessee, spent two and one-half years in the Naval Air Force during which time he accomplished 33 missions in battles over China and Japan. For heroic action shown in battle during these missions, he was awarded the following honorary awards: Four citations; four gold stars in lieu of the Air Medal already received; the Distinguished Flying Cross (previously received).

The citations were read and presentations were made by Lt. Commander Wait and aides and Dr. Brehm, president of the University of Tennessee, and two aides. Other guests present for the occasion were Woody's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Woody of Scotts Hill, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lipe, relatives, of Henderson, Tennessee.

After the awards were made, Dr. Brehm was given quite a surprise by being presented with a beautiful birthday cake. After expressing his gratitude, Dr. Brehm stated that he wished to give the cake to Woody. Woody reports that the cake was eventually divided among friends, parents, Mr. Meek, and Dr. Brehm.

The ceremony was very effective and was witnessed by a majority of the student body, come to pay tribute to a fellow student. We thought that Woody himself made by far the best comment when he said that the "important thing is not that I am being given these citations, but that we live in a country where such gatherings can be held." It was a fine remark on which to end a most inspiring event.

Wins Photography Prize

Donald Haskell, member of the Volette staff during the Fall Quarter, was winner of the March 27 weekly photographic contest sponsored by the Commercial Appeal. Haskell, who is now attending Bethel, won the \$10 prize for his shot of a night fire. The picture appeared in the Sunday issue of the Commercial.

Six Socials Planned for Rest of Quarter

The social calendar put out by the social committee shows six more socials are planned before the first of June. There will be one or two socials each week for the remainder of the quarter with the exception of the weekends of April 15-16 and May 12-13.

April 22, Informal Party for student body and guests; sponsored by the Student Christian Association with Mr. Henson and James Stone in charge. Chaperones are Mr. King, Mrs. Massey, and Mrs. Patterson. To be held in the gym from 7:30 to 10.

April 29, Ag Club Hayride for members and guests. Mr. McMahan and John Yates are in charge with Mr. Alexander, Mr. Fisher, Mrs. Massey, and Mr. Shelton acting as chaperones. Time is from 6:30 to 10:45.

April 30, Baseball Game at 2 in the afternoon and in the evening an informal party for student body and guests. Sponsoring is the Freshman Class with Mr. Doran, Miss Paulus, and Calvin White in charge. Chaperones are Mr. Duncan, Mrs. Massey, Mr. Shelton, and Mrs. Thomas. The party is scheduled in the gym from 8 to 11:30.

Twenty Former UTJC Graduates To Be Among Graduates Of Big U. T.

At the end of the spring quarter, 20 former UTJC students will receive degrees from the University of Tennessee.

Receiving a degree in Home Economics was Mary Holmes Bennett, of Carroll County. Those receiving a B.S. in Agriculture are, Robert E. Johnson of Trezevant, William H. White of Jacks Creek, Dorace E. Brasfield of Crockett Mills, Harold E. Pierce of Friendship, Walter T. Moore of Parsons, Charles W. and David M. Fairless of Trenton, Edward P. Deere of Lexington, Robert W. Maxwell of Darden, Phillip G. Vanduyck of Paris, Chester A. Culvahouse of Ten Mile, and Walter B. Bennett of Dresden.

Forrest T. Petty of Dickson will receive a B.S. in Mechanical Engineering. Henry D. Claybrook of Trenton and William R. Price of Paris receive B.S. in Civil Engineering. Roy C. Wehman of Union City will receive a B.S. in Electrical Engineering. James R. Forsythe of Paris will receive a B.S. in Business Administration.

G. W. Franklin Cavender of Paris will receive a Master of Science. Harold T. Brundige of Dresden will receive a Bachelor of Law degree.

Freshmen (a Few) Hold Short Meeting

The Freshman Class met at 1 p.m. Tuesday, April 5, 1949. The purpose of the meeting was to discuss the dues for the Spring Quarter and to discuss the social that is to be held the last day of this month. The attendance at this meeting was less than usual (and that is bad enough). At the beginning there were sixteen freshmen present.

As our president, Calvin White, opened the meeting, eight more loyal members (all girls) arrived. It was decided that the regular quarter dues would be sufficient to cover the expenses of our social. The social is to be an entire afternoon and evening of fun. More details probably will be given later on. The meeting was over in less than fifteen minutes from the time it started.

The University of Tennessee Junior College chorus of thirty-five voices under the direction of Miss Harnet Fulton, made its debut at the annual trial by jury. The hour long program was presented at the trial by jury, which was held at the courthouse in Union City, Tennessee.

Red Cross To Conduct Acquatic School at Dickson, June 6-16

ENROLLMENT OPEN TO UJC STUDENTS. The American Red Cross will conduct an aquatic school at Dickson, Tennessee, from June 6-16. Anyone interested should write to Safety Services, Southeastern Area, American Red Cross, 230 Spring St., N. W., Atlanta, Georgia.

Honor Roll For Winter Quarter

SUMA CUM LAUDE. Bledsoe, Bobby Lynn, Hall, Billy Tillman; Bank, Hugh William, March, Donald.

MAGNA CUM LAUDE. Anis, James Edward, Boeder, Betty Anne; Bradley, Phil Austin; Cherry, Gwendolyn; DePriest, Ross Lee; Dial, Marguerite; Eason, Odell; Emerson, John Clayton Fry, Harold H.; Harpole, David Harold; Hopper, Carl Howell; Hussey, Donald A.; Jordan, Mary Jane; Lofton, Bernel Haggard; Martin, Margaret Ann; Meek, David C.; Milligan, W. H.; Mills, Betty Jane; Moore, Paul D.; Naylor, Nancy; Neely, Joan; Paschall, James Neal; Roberts, Donald Ray; Robinson, George Bobbitt, Jr.; Rogers, Laurence; Steele, Addie Ruth; Stow, Wilma L.; Vowell, John Mac.

CUM LAUDE. Baldridge, Sue Frances; Beaver, Peggie Phoenixia; Bellamy, Martha Ruth; Bennett, Joe Ethelyn; Brann, William Roberts; Brasher, Benny Raymond; Brewer, Virginia Sue; Castleman, Gene Dameron; Cates, Carrie Gene; Coppedge, John Fletcher, Jr.; Coscia, Louis Nathan; Ferguson, Wyatt Lanier, Jr.; Fisher, C. Donald; Fuller, Joseph Owen; Fuqua, Carl; Goddard, William Kenneth; Gossett, John Warren; Harrington, John Nell; Henry, Billie Jean; Johnson, Bonnie Lara; Jones, Clyde R.; Jones, William R.; McKnight, John M.; Miles, Juanita; Milligan, Betty Jo; Minton, Aaron Leon; Moody, Roy William; Moss, Bill; Owen, Curtis I.; Penick, John Gerald; Pope, Virginia Ann; Porter, Edwina Faye; Porter, Hucy H.; Powell, Bill Nash; Richardson, Broadus Aaron; Rouse, John Thomas; Steadman, Gloria E.; Stone, James I.; Suddarth, Jane Sumners; Aita, Tharidon; Galford, F. Tucker, Leon; Yates, John A.; Young, Elbert L.

Future Teachers Start Teaching the Hard Way

Did anyone happen to see some staggering and creatures slowly making their weary way home from work days? University Street about 3:15 last Tuesday afternoon? Well, in case anyone wondered what a catastrophe could have befallen them to cause such a comical sight of interest in the world around them, we're here to tell you what you saw was probably some of our promising future teachers after their first entire day of practical teaching. The two representatives of the Hall were Jackie Edwards and Jan Neely. Hearing their experiences with their respective grades, second and sixth, was definitely on the horizon. Neely states her worst problem was trying to impress upon her youngsters the difference between the proposition and the initiative. Jackie complained of having to explain at least thirty times the meaning of the word teacher. A new one in the second grade's leaders. Upon hearing of the trials and tribulations of just one day in the teaching profession, we queried our future teachers if they still intended to go on as a life's work. Strangely enough the answer was an emphatic yes. It seemed in spite of the problems and strange newness of the responsibility of handling about thirty or forty lively youngsters, they really loved it. Well, we say more power to you, Mrs. Edwards and Miss Neely and we're sure you'll be valuable additions to the teachers of America.

Miss Fulton's performance was well-received by the audience and the chorus and its director, Miss Fulton, are to be commended for the polished performance they gave. Miss Fulton has shown herself in the short time she has been here to be a musician of consummate ability, one capable of getting the utmost out of a little more out of her students. This is due not only to her own personal ability but to her personality as well. Her enthusiasm for music is impossible to resist, and as a result the members of the chorus give their best. Her attempts to attain the perfection she desires. There is a certain side of college life that only music can fill. This side of our college life has too long been neglected on the campus, but from last night's performance we would say Miss Fulton has succeeded admirably in her goal and we all have of making the music department an important and integral part of our campus life. The VOLETTE knows it is speaking for both the faculty and the student body in extending its congratulations to the chorus and Miss Fulton on their first public appearance.

Donald Fisher showed the traits of a true villain in his attitude toward the fair heroine and in his willingness to partake of various evil experiments in court to show what a villain he is. Though Don's role may have been on the evil side, his voice was all to the good.

Roland Ray as the judge showed his versatility in his voice, his acting, and his dancing. The scene in which he told of his becoming a judge was thought by many the best individual performance in the opera. And of his decision we can only say of him: "O, most learned and upright judge, a second Daniel."

Ralph Guthrie as counsel for the defendant was perhaps the surprise of the evening. Ralph, who is a rather quiet chap, showed himself possessed of a very appealing tenor voice and fit for his role.

Harold Fry as the usher for the most part plays more of a straight role than the others as he attempts to bring order and quiet into the scene. Like the judge though, he mooned over the plaintiff and we must say, quite convincingly.

The male section of the chorus filled the roles of jury, led by Wayne Hopper as foreman, while the women members acted as the spectators. The comments of the jury who are won over completely by the plaintiff and of the spectators who are just as completely for the defendant added much to the effectiveness of the opera.

The program was well-received by the audience and the chorus and its director, Miss Fulton, are to be commended for the polished performance they gave. Miss Fulton has shown herself in the short time she has been here to be a musician of consummate ability, one capable of getting the utmost out of a little more out of her students. This is due not only to her own personal ability but to her personality as well. Her enthusiasm for music is impossible to resist, and as a result the members of the chorus give their best. Her attempts to attain the perfection she desires. There is a certain side of college life that only music can fill. This side of our college life has too long been neglected on the campus, but from last night's performance we would say Miss Fulton has succeeded admirably in her goal and we all have of making the music department an important and integral part of our campus life. The VOLETTE knows it is speaking for both the faculty and the student body in extending its congratulations to the chorus and Miss Fulton on their first public appearance.

Former Student Wins Scholarship

Mary Elizabeth Fuqua, former student, has been awarded the Borden Evaporated Milk Scholarship of 1949-50. This scholarship amounts to \$1,250 and she will use it working for her Ph.D. at Ohio State University. Our congratulations, Miss Fuqua.

THE VOLETTE

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JOHN BOOTH Sports Editor
JANICE CUDE Business Manager
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ED M. CHENETTE Faculty Sponsor

CAMPUS EYESORE

For the first time we use our editorial privilege to call something to the attention of the proper parties, this time the covers that be. Earlier we had called the attention of the student body to the mess too often prevalent in the bookstore corridor. Since then, there has been a vast improvement...

Now we bring another eyesore, one brought to our attention by a letter from a student, Stan Botner, just before he finished his two years of work. We did not publish it...

According to Stan's letter, he was standing by the high school building one day when a Cadillac with a Florida license stopped. One of two attractive women leaned out and asked him what school this is. After telling her, he took a look at the signs calling attention to the school. One is across from the University Filling Station and the other is in the front south of the dining room. Both signs are painted black with barely visible lettering on them.

We suggest that these two signs be removed as soon as possible and that new ones be erected in their places. These new signs should be several times larger. Moreover, the background should be white rather than black as in the present signs with the lettering in black.

USING THE LIBRARY

Do you use the library or does it use you? Is it a place where you find help in your subjects or is it merely a resting place an opportunity to keep up with the doings of Rex Morgan and make a date for the week-end? Probably, too seldom is it the former; too often it is the latter.

Statistics and the information they contain have increased tremendously in the past half century. Take Harvard and Yale; in 1900 the Harvard Library had 560,000 volumes, now it has 5,000,000; Yale in 1900 had 285,000 volumes and now has more than 3,600,000.

A survey recently made leads us to the conclusion that the average college student here and elsewhere makes little use of this opportunity. Statistics show that the average American college student uses 12 books a year or on a 9 month basis 14 books a month.

The past few weeks have seen a considerable increase in the number of students using the library. This may be well understood if it may be learned with spring comes English 113. One thing is certain, some students are now using the library who haven't been on the second floor since they paid Mrs. Phillips a visit last fall.

Assembly On Snakes Enchants Reporter

It was a beautiful day in the auditorium of the University of Tennessee Junior College when the assembly on snakes was held. The speaker, Mr. Raymond, was a man of great knowledge and experience in the field of herpetology.

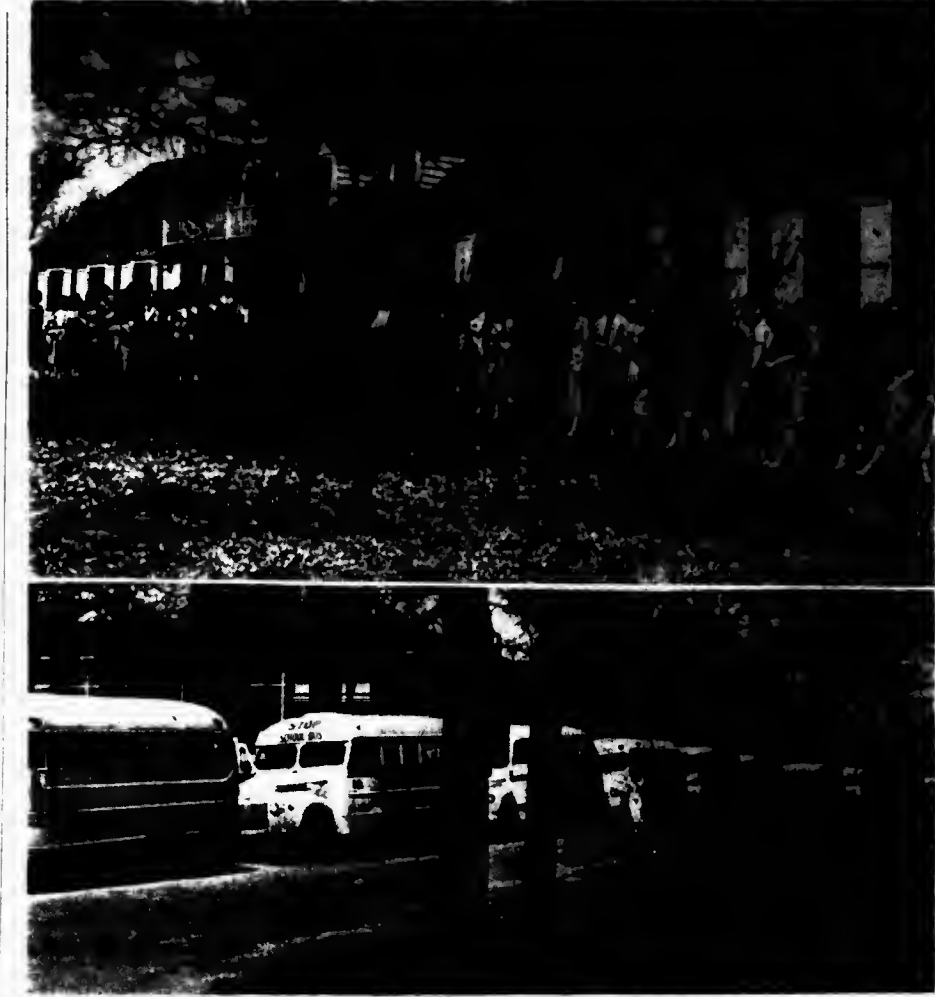
Mr. Raymond's talk was a most interesting one. He began by telling us of the various species of snakes that are found in our state. He then went on to describe the habits and characteristics of each of these species.

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SONG OF SPRING

Yellow bells abounding,
Glasses need agreeing,
And the rooms dainty, neat, and new.
A waiter came said when
Skies are blue, blue, blue
And the birds are singing
Slightly's adorning
Waiters take their cue,
Waiters come said when
Skies are blue, blue, blue
Hearts are singing
They're all singing
Of the spring,
Waiters come said when
Skies are blue, blue, blue
Raptures astounding
Bless that's abounding
Romantic young love's rhyme
Waiter's come said when
Skies are blue, blue, blue
This is spring, spring, spring!
Wonderful spring, spring, spring!
Glorious spring, spring, spring!
Spring! Spring! Hearts sing!
Spring!
Bruce Walker

to use a tourniquet, but do not try to use a wedding band. To quote Mr. Raymond "The wedding band is just like a tourniquet, they both cut off circulation." John McKnight



Top: A Portion of 1,300 Visitors to Open House
Bottom: Busloads of Students Come for Home Ec Open House

1388 High School Students Attend Home Ec Open House

1388 high school students and a thousand three hundred eighty-eight high school students and visitors attended the annual Open House sponsored by the Home Ec Department. Students came from all over West Tennessee. The towns represented were Hornsback, Rives, Dixie, Troy, Hickman, Ky, Union City, Obion, Bradford, North Side, Tiptonville, Lexington, Camden, Martin, Brownsville, Rutherford, Huntingdon, Trimble, Cloverdale, Woodland Mills, Maury City, Trezvant, Friendship, McKenzie, Palmersville, Cottage Grove, Yorkville, Greenfield, South Fulton, Kenton and Newbern.

Visitors came from Morris Chapel, Milledgeville, Mercer, Saltillo, Millington, Trenton, Paris, Jackson, Ridgely, Deaturville, Milan, Dresden, Sharon, Alamo, Fulton, Ky., Memphis, Knoxville, Benis, and Bells.

This was the largest number of students ever to attend the Open House and the largest number of high schools represented.

Our congratulations to the Home Ec Department for this success, and we hope that next year's will be equally successful.

National Student Assn. Calls For Civilian "GI" Bill

The U. S. National Student Association has called upon Congress to enact legislation to provide a national program of federally financed scholarships for approximately 200,000 students. The "Civilian GI Bill" would provide for direct support to the individual on the basis of need and ability and would be administered by the individual states.

The purpose of the NSA program was outlined by its National Executive Committee as a means of education and enabling our most competent and gifted youth to obtain for themselves and for society the maximum benefits to be gained from higher education.

The urgent need for such aid was stressed by the commission when it indicated that another 10 per cent increase in general tuition was to be expected for the coming year in addition to the average increase of 28 per cent since 1939. The report added that:

1. Veteran enrollments, which have decreased some 17 per cent in the past year, were expected to end by 1956. Federal appropriations under the present GI Bill should be diverted, coincident with this decrease, to non-veteran students of ability and need.

2. Despite current enrollment of more than 2,400,000, 75 per cent of the nation's 17-18-year-old group were not enrolled in colleges. Some 50 per cent of this group are in families whose income is below \$3,000 per annum. Average tuition and living costs at college ranging between \$750 and \$1,000 yearly indicate the pressing need for financial aids.

The National Student Association has already taken the following steps:

1. The staff of NSA has appealed to House and Senate com-

A Man's-Eye View of Home Ec Open House

Well, today your writer went into the exclusive feminine realm of the Home Economics to see what our future housewives of UTJC had accomplished.

First we went into the art room and viewed everything from advertising posters to table cloths done up in oak leaves of a decidedly fall hue. Although the exhibit was well laid out, we heard that the girls due to a change in courses had little time to work on these things. They looked good to an onlooker.

From there we went to the sewing room and saw the dresses the girls had made. The dresses were everything from simple frocks to a beautiful wine colored formal. All I had to do was to use my imagination, and I could see girls walking across the campus, well dressed with a slight breeze blowing the skirt to show the full skirts that are now the fashion. It took no imagination at all to see the lucky, or should I say industrious, girl that made that beautiful formal whirling away at one of the UTJC formal.

On a table in the middle of the room was a display of children's clothing. The play suits and small frocks were interesting, even to a boy my age; I thought, however, that something was missing when I didn't see one of those usual square pieces of cloth, better known as diapers.

Back in the kitchen, we saw equipment that would make the most modern and competent housewife green with envy. In the oven was a roast that sent its odors into the adjoining rooms and made my masculine heart jump with joy, it was all I could do to restrain myself from asking for a serving. I'm still hungry.

We were ushered into the living room where we were served refreshments. There was grape punch, I say was because mine

nutives to recommend national scholarship legislation.

2. The NSA Subcommittee on Legislation in Washington is preparing to circularize all individual members of Congress to enlist their support.

Stating that "We have come a long way from the day when college was an experience reserved for the specially gifted or the financially able," the NSA presented these views in communications to Senate Elbert D. Thomas, of Utah, and Representative John Lesinski, of Michigan. Chairmen of the Senate and House Committees dealing with educational legislation

(We present the above views as one means of taking care of those deserving of a college education, but at the present unable to do so because of the financial costs involved. It would seem that aid to responsible students might provide great future returns in the maintaining of this country's present position of world leadership. It would seem that a part of the proposed Federal aid to education might well be used in this way.

The Editors.)

didn't last long. The same fate was in store for the cookies, and it was now you see them, now you don't. They fairly melted away and I wouldn't have known I had eaten them had it not been for the lingering taste in my mouth. Being a man, I could write all day about food, so I guess I'll just do that.

Back in the kitchen again, we saw the most modern of stoves. There was a display on the use of frozen foods which interested me greatly, and I spent several minutes discussing the various uses of the equipment thereabout.

Better than any of the single things was the thing as a whole. There was a homey atmosphere hanging over the building, especially the living room. To any students who have detected the impersonal smell of the usual UTJC classroom, it was something extraordinary to see a classroom so much like a home. I guess this comment will draw jeers from some of the people who actually have classes there, but I just want to ask, have you ever synthesized an amine, or used H2S. You have? Now compare and be fair, do you agree?

Now back to the living room and a comment I heard one of the visitors make. She said that she would like to have one just like it in her home; me to.

Now to one of the most down-to-earth training places I ever saw. The nursery. Sitting out in the middle of the floor were little beds, pint size to you, to contain those mischievous but darling little things some people call children. The students not only watch and supervise the children's activities, but they prepare balanced meals which the kids eat with relish, I am told. It's just like the people that go to zoos to watch the monkeys; I sometimes wonder if the monkeys excuse us humans with the comment in monkey language, "Oh, they can't help it, they're only humans." I'd imagine some of those kids excuse the Home Ec girls with a comment among themselves, "Oh, it's all right for them to act that way, they're almost grownup, you know."

There is another part near the Home Ec building that I hate to mention for fear some of the boys that hang around Freeman Hall will take up residence there. What is it? Well, withdrawing the veil of secrecy that has persisted for some time, it is the playground. Here the children, under 5, that are being observed stretch their limbs and numerous devices that the Russians would probably call torture instruments if the news reached them. And when you hear talk of slides (not alp sticks), overhead ladders, and swings, it is not some engineering students talking turkey but merely some of the Home Ec girls talking about the numerous things in the playground that delight the girls and kids alike.

All in all, it was an interesting trip through what might be termed an almost unknown world to some of the men around. They'll learn someday first hand.

RAMBLING THROUGH REED HALL

We've just had open house, well, let us say we have just survived open house and now after settling down to normal once more we try to collect ourselves in order to bring something of our observations to you, our reader. Yes, at last, Reed Hall was opened to the general public, no longer were there any mysteries about what girl's room that was where one night you saw that interesting silhouette on the shade or who lived in the room from whence came the hysterical laughter from the hours of 8 to 11 p.m., or whose rooms were those so clearly visible from the library windows, etc. We could go on forever, but all those questions are answered now. You have been through the dorm, have tried the beds, chairs and desks out for size and comfort. You've surveyed what we had hoped had been hidden, our closets from top to bottom. You've seen the bottles, boxes and tubes from where beautiful faces came and you've even observed the crowded chaos of our too few drawers. You've seen our treasured photographs and souvenirs. In short, you've seen where we spend three-fourths of our college life and we feel that we have no more secrets. We'd love to know what you all think of our dorm now and we have heard quite a few interesting comments. It seems that more than several of the boys who went through Reed Hall expressed sentiments along the line of wanting to take up permanent residence in some of the rooms. Some boys did linger quite a while during the two allotted days. We were beginning to regard Talton as a fixture. He just couldn't seem to tear himself away from one of the corner rooms. Must have liked the "view." Jack McIlwain also developed a special fondness for an upstairs room as long as a certain person was also present. We think "Chic" was in the dorm, but it is hard to find anyone who saw him; however, we haven't talked to Evelyn.

Some of the KWB's were a bit reluctant to pass beyond that up-to-now forbidden partition of the hall and had to be coaxed, but once inside, they were accordingly reluctant to leave. Then there were others who were wandering through the halls everytime we came in or out. Pruett was always around looking for someone to show him through although we think he should have known the way by heart.

Speaking from the girl's standpoint, we barely got used to the "shock" of seeing men in the dorm when open house was over once again. It was all a bit hectic, but we enjoyed it. Some say it should be a regular feature every week; some say it should be banished forever. Different people. Different opinions.

For ourselves, we say we enjoyed it, but the intense preparation before left us too weary to be very entertaining to our guests. We can't help but think what a shock it would be to the ones who viewed the perfect order of the spotless halls and rooms, if open house were suddenly declared and our rooms in their usual daily aspect were open for inspection. Behind the scenes Sunday night when the mad process of cleaning and rearranging was going on we think would have been more fun than seeing the finished products. Jackie and Rainey brought out new curtains and changed the furniture for the occasion. Anne Carolyn and Peggie's room blossomed forth with clean rugs and bedspreads that had been hoarded for weeks and it was worth anyone's life practically to step on those rugs before the momentous two days. Perk and Lenell acquired goldfish to brighten up their room. Jane and Sue tacked up a few signs that left no doubt as to the identity of the occupants of their room, just to mention a few of the innovations. Welcome signs were tacked up here and there and helped lend the proper spirit to the occasion.

Some of the girls are wishing that they had nailed their possessions down as some of our visitors went home with souvenirs. How about that, Phillips House? A few missing articles were eventually returned. Three lipsticks bank on their owners' dressers were greatly appreciated and so was a poor little lonesome Shmoo who was kidnapped. All the perfume, of course, isn't expected to be replaced because the girls were only too glad to make the boys' clothes smell sweet as mementos of the event. There are still, however, a few things missing that the owners surely do wish had never left the dorm. Again we say, how about that, Phillips House?

All the girls reported a grand time going through the boys' dorm and some made very thorough trips too; others didn't stop at that either, but made the rounds of a few of the houses in town where they were royally welcomed. From what we hear, it was enjoyable all the way round.

Well, it's all over now and we are kind of sorry we won't be around to see another next year, but we are sure that we leave the situation in the capable hands of our future sophomores. Perk says she's ready for another right now!

On Plowshares and Swords

I. R. DISCUSSES CHINA AND MIDDLE EAST

How often have the headlines, "Communists Surround China's Capital City, Nationalists Flee in Terror," or "Struggle Continues in Israel" been staring at you over your morning coffee in the last few months? Have you ever asked yourself why these things happen or why the whole thing got started? Maybe you considered the problem for a few minutes and then, like myself, turned quickly to the comic section to see how Flash Gordon is doing on whatever planet he happens to be stranded at the moment. The problems of international peace and order are much too complicated and terribly far away.

Yet, such is the topic for discussion in the International Relations Club this quarter. "China and the Middle East" covers a lot of ground and a lot of time, historically speaking. The problems which the generation of today are facing did not come like Aristotle's eels, out of nothing; nor are they necessarily the products of the last war. One must go back centuries in order to discover the embryonic forms. If the search continues long enough, a point is reached past which there is nothing but obscurity.

Nations, like people, happen to be different. Ways of thinking, philosophies of life, religion, customs, and social structures in various areas have evolved along amazingly different lines. Today, we are all quite aware, thanks to our modern systems of transportation and communication, that the nations of the world are muddled and mixed and that the solution to the many international problems will not be reached easily or quickly.

This situation is discouraging in outlook; yet, many of the problems have been solved by intelligent, thinking men whose business it is to study, with understanding, the problems facing the family of nations. It is unfortunate that we have so few students of international relations.

Members of the International Relations Club gain an insight into the problems of the world by

studying the background cultures of the nations involved and their relation to other such cultures. The most important function of the club is to stimulate the expression of ideas concerning the world problems by the members. Informal discussions are the keynote of the club sessions.

In the past weeks films have been shown which give an insight into the situation in China and the Middle East, especially Palestine. Such films are invaluable since they teach us to better understand just why a Chinese coolie is in his present situation and how he may be likely to think along certain lines.

The officers of the club are as follows: Rupert Garcia, president; James E. Woody, vice-president; William L. Edwards, secretary-treasurer; and the sponsors—Mr. David C. Allen and Mr. H. B. Smith.

We have several new members. Everyone is invited to visit the club and take part in the discussions. Our next meeting is Tuesday, April 12, at 8:00 o'clock.

On the subject of international relations, Dr. Ralph Bunche has summed up the cause of friction among nations when he said, "The nations of the world will reach a state of unity and mutual friendship when the individuals of the respective nations begin to understand each other."

Dunagan and Russell Win Ag. Awards At Big U. T.

Horace H. Dunagan, Junior, and Cecil E. Russell, former Junior College students, are the latest to win awards at Knoxville. They are two of six students recently given awards of \$500 each for outstanding work in the College of Agriculture. Dunagan, a senior class winner, and Russell, a junior class winner, both won their awards for their outstanding work in dairying.

Classes and clubs over the campus are using audio-visual aids in the form of moving pictures more and more in connection with study and programs. Come in to see us sometime. You may find just the film you are looking for.

FACULTY PROFILE
Meet Mr. Allen

Whether in his new green Ford, or in back of a cigar, or perhaps in one of his classes—at one time or another, you've seen Mr. Allen.

Hailing from the Hoosier state, Indiana, Mr. Allen found the surroundings at UTJC most inviting; consequently he has been with the Junior College the past 12 years, teaching English, history, and numerous other subjects. At the present time he is teaching both history and speech. Mr. Allen is proud of his Indiana ancestry and likes to tell his listeners that Hoagy Carmichael was a fellow student at Indiana during his undergraduate days.

Mr. Allen is extremely active in extra-curricular activities. His first love was debating which he coached for a number of years. At the present time he has two



Mr. Allen

activities which claim his undivided enthusiasm. These are, of course, the Forum Club and the radio programs held twice weekly over radio station WENK. Both of these extra-curricular activities were originated by Mr. Allen, and it would be hard to say which comes first in his affections. Yet, the radio program is the newer and so, well, you know how it is with a man and a new creation of his.

Under Mr. Allen's leadership the Forum Club has become probably the most widely known representative of the Junior College, bringing into the high schools of West Tennessee musicals, round tables, and panel discussions, a minimum of 50 such trips being made each year. (In another column see an account of a recent trip.—Ed.)

As said earlier, the newest of Mr. Allen's creations is the series of college radio programs. These programs, presenting student and faculty talent, have brought the Junior College into homes of West Tennessee and have brought the school much favorable publicity. Is he enthusiastic about these programs? Well, all you need do is mention the subject, then sit back and listen as he traces its development and future, energy in his voice and a sparkle in his eye.

Mr. Allen is happily married and has three children, two girls and a boy. The oldest girl is in Nurse's Training in Memphis, the youngest a freshman at Martin High where she has been proving herself quite "some punkins" as a basketball player. The boy? He is eleven and has hopes of becoming an artist.

Mr. Allen belongs to the Methodist Church and is also a Rotarian and a Mason. Does he like it at the Junior College? You know the old saying, "actions speak louder than words." Yes, Mr. Allen likes the Junior College and, reasonably enough, the Junior College likes Mr. Allen.

Win Gutmann

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The Junior College Chorus made its first appearance last night. Members of the chorus pictured here are, left to right back: Roland Ray, Neal Pascall, Ralph Guthrie, Bruce Walker, Bill Shannon, George Crain, Donald Fisher, Clyde Jones, T. J. Clark, Harold Fry, James Gaba, David Meek, Middle row: Miss Fulton, director, Alta Summers, June Moore, Wilma Stov, Ann Culbertson, Carline Fuqua, Bettye Louis, Marian Harwell, Genella Culver, Betty Reynolds, Jane Kendal, Janice Cude. Front row: Martha Hill, Billie Henry, Maxine Jenkins, Martha Bellamy, Joan Neely, Henrietta Nowell.



Miss Ann Martin Reigns Over Engineers' Dance

ST. PATRICK DANCE

Shades of St. Patrick and hail to the wearing of the green! This was the theme of the Engineers' Formal which was the highspot of the first weekend back after the spring holidays and St. Patrick, himself, would have felt right at home among the attractive decorations of green and white, the most intriguing feature being the streamers suspended from the entire ceiling.

Beautiful formal on lovely ladies and handsomely dressed men were again very much in evidence as couples twirled around the floor to the music of Billy Jones and his orchestra imported from Memphis for the occasion.

Like all momentous events, this one too had its queen and very regal one at that. Lovely Ann Martin was chosen to reign over the Engineers and Caldwell Bowden, president of the club, crowned her with a glittering silver crown and in addition presented her with an arm full of lovely American Beauty roses.

Afterwards refreshments were served from a green and white bedecked table. These consisted of ley punch and cookies and were much enjoyed by all.

The unusual feature of this particular dance was its novel idea of programs which contained spaces for a girl's escort to trade dances with others. These were six in number and breaks during them were strictly forbidden. It was the first dance of this type to be held this year and provided attractive souvenirs of a momentous occasion.

An Evening With The Local Guard Units

To those who would like to know how a typical evening with the National Guard goes, it is roughly this.

Beginning at 7:30, the Guard has a one-hour lecture on some phase of military life. Then there is about a ten-minute break. Next there is another hour which consists of either another lecture or a laboratory in which we drill or develop certain skills (erap shooting, only after hours) akin to a military unit. The latter includes drills, marksmanship, and equipment maintenance.

The other day, April 7, the two local units along with the Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, local band, and floats participated in an Army Day parade. Among notables attending this parade were the governor of Kentucky and the Vice-president of the United States, Alben Barkley.—Lynn Warner.

FREEMAN HALL—TOP TO BOTTOM

What we thought was a nice interesting triangle turned out to be a very dull rectangle, for all rectangles are dull. Stratton didn't get to see the picture that David got to see because Freshmen can't take nights out. Lucky Sophomores. Maybe David took this young lady to the show for literary reasons. Possibly it was a case of boss and secretary working late—we can only surmise. It is a nice thought, Stratton had David for dinner and Tom Fowler for supper. (The young lady in question should not be called part of a dull rectangle, she made it right lively.—Ed.) These are the parentheses that our Freeman Hall writer so thoughtfully left for the editor's comment.

We heard that Gerald and Edwina were getting a divorce, but maybe not. They were seen together again. Possibly a compromise. Martha Swiney and Jimmy Yancey have taken different paths. They appeared to be the "Happily Married Couple of the Year." Which goes to prove you just can't tell about these things.

Henrietta has a big masculine-looking ring. Whose it is we don't know, but HE knows and SHE knows. . . That's really all that matters. Having heard that there was a man shortage, we were surprised to see Joyce Redmond entertaining two great big ones in the living room the other night. Tell me, is that fair?

Bubba Bland came to see our little Ann Cummings Sunday night. And wasn't that Wayne Hopper with Betty Lewis? Peggy Mitehum isn't going with Rusty now. She is going with BoJack.

A newcomer to Freeman Hall is Billy Jernigan. He comes to see Billie Henry. It looks like they have fun. Betty Reynolds went to the Engineers' Ball with Norman Terrell, but he isn't here this quarter and she is going with her first love at the Junior College, T. J. Clark.

Do you suppose it is true love humps that Martha Dale and Gene Dodson are going over now or just plain bumps? The saying is that true love never runs smooth. Which reminds us—we really miss Gloria and Snuffy in the living room lately. Maybe a letter to Dorothy Dix would clear the air.

Doesn't the sun look good shining on Anne White's face when Shorty comes in to "See Mr. Knepp?" Wouldn't Mrs. Freeman be worried if Ralph Fisher came in and called for Jo Bennett and

KNIGHTS and DAZE

All right, girls, here is what you have been waiting for, news from the men's dorm. Shall we start out with the new residents of the dorm?

Allen Cody is from Kenton but no relation to Buffalo Bill. Some people still like the Wooden Box. Bill Patterson is back with us. What is his major? campusology. Buddy Guttman is from Covington. Oh yes, girls, he is the one who drives the maroon convertible Otto Bruhn heard of the good times in the Box so he moved in from the Howel home. Bill Jernigan needs no introduction because he is already familiar with Freeman Hall. Since we lost "Shorty" Crain we were short of athletic ability, so we recruited William Cooper from the Wilson house where he formerly resided.

Harold Jenkins has been having some difficulty; he lost the end piece to his bed and the shock was so great he became sick. Early morning observers who were staggering sleepily toward Sunday morning breakfast found Jenkins' bed supported by two chairs, giving it its downward appearance. Recovery from his illness was assured since open house because he had some interesting visitors.

The dorm is divided into four parts musically. Roland Ray on the top west end can play the

Literary League Meets This Saturday

The annual meeting of the Tennessee Interscholastic Literary League, District 2, will be held on the campus April 16.

Mr. Meek will make the welcoming talk. Mr. Allen's Speech Arts students will be chairmen of the various events.

Eleven schools have signified their intention of sending contestants. These are Alamo, Union City, Martin, Dresden, Rutherford, Fulton, Milan, Mason Hall, Dixie High School, Union City, Kenton, with Humboldt and Paris still to be heard from, though every year largest enrollment since H. H. Kroll has had charge of the league.

A feature of this year's league is the number of schools sending one-act plays. More casts will contest on the stage than any other year in the history of the league at the Junior College.

Volette Hall of Fame Joan Neely

Everyone has heard about Kilroy. From the southern Pacific to the North Atlantic our armed forces found that little catch phrase, "Kilroy was here." Always he had been there, but no one ever saw Kilroy no one expected Joan Neely.

Kilroy was here, but now he is in the Air Force in Wyoming—much to Joan's regret. Consequently, to keep the blues away Joan spends all of her time thinking of anything except her Kilroy.

Under a red cap you may have seen her blue eyes watching you, as you came through the door at the Coffee Shop. At least, if you want to check up on the shade of blue, you probably could do your checking over at the Coffee Shop, and if the Coed Shop doesn't produce her, then chances are you'll find her over at the gym.

Every fall Joan gets the urge to play football, but being a woman, of course, she isn't permitted. Though she would definitely make a good halfback, Joan would prefer the sidelines. From here her husky voice can be heard above all the others at any of the sports events. And, of course, it can be heard from the front window, left side, second story, of Reed Hall. Joan would like a room at the boys' dormitory, but she is afraid Miss Reed wouldn't let her go.

Studying, rainy days, quiet and meek people are all taboo to Joan, but conversely camping, dancing, popular music, and all sports keep Joan in a constant rush. It is interesting to know that Joan is a singer. Yes, she keeps the rest of the girls swooning, while she sings in the shower.

Her sessions which end up having Coca-Cola as the pause that refreshes, are very popular with Joan, but she had much rather sit down to a table covered with her mother's fried chicken to be followed closely by banana pudding.

Joan is a native of Middleton, Tennessee, and was elected Valedictorian for the Middle High School. She was listed in the Who's Who magazine as the typical college girl, and now is the president of the FTA.

She manages the girls' intramural teams and is sophomore editor of the annual, besides majoring in physical education.

This coming summer will find Joan working at a girls' camp as usual, and in the fall she will go to Knoxville to finish.

If you have any funny ideas about Joan, well I guess it would be all right, but just remember, Kilroy was here.

—Win Gutmann.

Film Library Staff Reviews New Films

The Junior College branch of the University of Tennessee Extension Film Library has been in operation since the fall of 1946. Its services have so increased in the past three years that it has been necessary to appoint as Assistant Film Librarian Mrs. Macon S. Green in addition to the Film Librarian, Mr. Horace B. Smith. The film library not only maintains rental service on films, but also helps to provide a projector and operator for various occasions in the community when this service is desired and needed.

The staff has been kept rather busy lately previewing the many new films which have been placed on deposit. If you hear the magnetic strains of Chopin or Beethoven rendered by such artists as Paderewski, Iturbi, or Toscanini; or the familiar voices of such favorite radio stars as Bergen and McCarthy, Allen, Hope, and Benny; or the chug-chug of mighty locomotives, the satiny flow of diesels, or the swirl of airplane wings; or the voices of the jungle; or the peck-peck of a flock of typewriters; all emanating from the Administration Building, do not think the Administration has softened up a bit or gone on vacation or is having itself something of a fling during work hours. It is merely the sounds seeping through from the projection room. However the film library staff admits it has had a lot of fun, as well as learned a lot, these last weeks.

Mr. Smith recently was heard to tell Mr. Meek at the projection room door that he was ready to preview some European and American history films; in fact his assistant . . . (Oh Me, Oh My, what is that I hear? Here come the animals two by two—the elephant and the kangaroo—from Zoo's Who in Zoology!)

Mr. Meek remarked: "I see, when the lights came on, it was When is the next preview?"

To make a long story short, noted that Mr. Meek was still in the vicinity of the rear entrance, Miss Burney almost made it to the aide entrance, Mr. Stanford somehow got to the ground from the window, Mr. Kroll was just

shutting his door, Mrs. Davies said she would just say she liked pictures and would surely drop in whenever her classes did not conflict. Mrs. Reed just kept her seat, she thought maybe the next pleasure might be Jane Eyre or the Christmas Carol or maybe even Gone With the Wind over which one night delightfully weep; Mr. Phillips got in the last word (as usual) by saying it is good psychology to relax a little.

There are films for almost every worthwhile purpose and in almost every educational field. There are some strictly entertainment films, but most of the films are scientifically related to some definite field of study.

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Over A Barrel With Darrel Terrel

Everyone's childhood is full of fanciful ideas concerning the career to be followed. These ideas are often altered by domineering parents. I am quite sure that I would be a great taxidermist today had my mother not laid the law down for me to be more specific.

It all began with an intriguing mail order course in taxidermy which was supposed to teach me how to make various animals immortal. One makes the incision here, and then one treats the skin with arsenic. The process is very simple. Even a child can understand in two hundred and fifty-seven easy lessons.

There are such things as glass eyes and special threads, various cold-looking tools, wires and paints, and materials for stuffing. Some of these materials have unpleasant odors when sniffed by people with no imagination. Sometimes one scrapes the bones and uses them to give the right effect. Have you ever seen a woman who did not have a horror of bones and those awful furry animal skins (unless, of course, these things are draped about her neck).

Thus did the trouble begin. But

an artist does not let such a small thing as the condemnations and protestations of his family and friends discourage the genius which is blooming. Especially is this true if the artist has a childish mind!

When children are unfortunate enough to have parents who are stronger and who can talk longer and louder, the children must of necessity become subtle. I was not subtle enough!

When my treasured collection of snake skins and bird feet was discovered, I was not even given the benefit of trial. Even the fact that the skins were wrapped neatly in wax paper and labeled in a most scientific manner was not considered an extenuating circumstance in my favor.

When the battle was over, such of my creations as had survived were stored in the attic without benefit of clergy or moth ball.

Some weekends ago when I was home, an old friend of the family dropped in. She made much ado over some of my sketches.

"Why don't you show her your mounts?" said mater, and when the lady's barrage of exclamations had slowed succinctly, "He was always doing things like that. I've never understood why he didn't continue working at it!"

I am always more disgusted with myself when I look at my room. Needless to say, I put myself through this torture as seldom as possible. Someone who probably thought he was wise once said that rooms reflect the personality of their inhabitants. This little gem of wisdom has undoubtedly wrecked many happy lives. Civilized people have to keep up a front of civilization.

My room is always in disorder. I find such a state of affairs stimulating, but frequently my friends complain bitterly about walking on teacups or sitting on candy wrappers. Soon I am affected by this nagging and decide to tidy up a bit.

There is a routine to be followed when tidying up as every knows. I always begin by piling everything on the bed. This method has several advantages. Most important of all, I can see where everything is and where things are supposed to go. I then open the windows, praying that no stray bits of pollen will come in to irritate my hay fever. Following these preparations, the real work begins. I always spend several frustrating hours getting everything hidden and squeezing stray articles into the closet.

Needless to say, this sort of thing is fatiguing. I always take two aspirins and relax for twice the length of time spent in cleaning.

One would think that my troubles would then be over for a short while. But no! When I have finished cleaning, I can never find anything which I need. After the mad search for the missing article, the room is no longer tidy and so the cycle of disorder begins once more.

There are times when everyone feels down and out. When I feel such a mood coming on, I know that there is but one thing for me to do in order to escape my sorrow and pain. Such nights as these set aside for easing my pain, I call coffee drinking nights.

I have always been a moderate drinker. One cup of coffee gives me a lift. Two send my spirits soaring and three affect my vision. After the fourth coffee, I don't know what I'm drinking!

On one such nocturnal escapade a few nights ago, I discovered that coffee drinking holds many perils and that the creator of "Ten Nights in a Coffee House" was perhaps sincere.

I did have a few too many coffees it is true, but when I left Wagner's Coffee House everything seemed normal. Small groups of intellectuals were busily blowing the whispy fragments of steam off their coffee mugs and discussing the latest play at the Red Top theatre.

Since my head was filled with the coffee fumes, I did not stop at the railroad tracks to contemplate suicide as I usually do when I have been drinking milk. Instead, I toddled along briskly past the bright lights of El Americano intent on reaching home. I knew that it was quite late but I was not prepared for the shock of having all the street lights go out. I knew then that it must be eleven o'clock.

I have never understood the eccentricities of the sidewalk walks in this city even in daylight. Now, with my reflexes paralyzed by the devil caffeine, I didn't stand a chance. Shortly after the warning gong had sounded and the fingers of night had clutched the city, I sprawled headlong on the pavement. Sprawling, like tugging, is not a civilized thing to be doing in public. It approaches the uncouth, even under the cover of darkness. I kept remembering



Competitors in Beginning Typing Contest



These students competed in Advance Typing Contest

On the Inside—The Volette Office

There is some mystery to our readers as to what goes into the publication of the Volette. I have heard comments that range from "a bunch of potential geniuses" to "somebody must be crazy." I'll take you behind the scenes to show you the sort of people that actually make up the Volette Staff.

First of all, there is our sponsor, Mr. Chenette. He is the cog in the machinery that is absolutely essential. His high spirits, especially since he got the new Pontiac, are one thing all of us greatly appreciate. It is he who cheers us up when things are not going too well, and who deflates our egos when we are in a buoyant mood.

His pipe is his trade-mark, although he has been seen with a cigarette. The fragrant odor of Rum and Maple are the assurance to us that he is in the office. Many a time I have come into the Ad. Building and smelled that elusive aroma and known that he is around. Besides teaching English, one of his favorite pastimes is listening to classical records and talking about Illinois basketball teams. At home you would find him the picture of a happily married man with his attractive blond wife and two small boys. When he is not listening to records or playing with his boys, you will probably find him shining his car and cleaning it with his new vacuum cleaner. His home has a comfortable air and is a place where members of the staff like to sit and talk things over, over a glass of Coca-Cola. All these qualifications make Mr. Chenette probably the most liked man on the faculty, at least to the Volette family.

Mr. Chenette's secretary and Volette feature writer, Peggy Beaver, is very unlike in appearance to her employer. She is tall, dark, and a constant source of enjoyment to Mr. Chenette, although he would be the last to admit it. Being the only girl who makes up part of the nucleus of the staff, Peggy's lot is not an easy one.

"Oh Earth, I cannot hold thee close enough." I need not go into the gruesome details of what went on in my mind before I was finally lost in the arms of Morpheus. Every coffee drinker knows the horror of pink sugar cubes and distorted cream dispensers.

When I looked at myself the following morning, I felt such a twinge of pity for the poor creature gazing at me that I have given up coffee forever.

Tea is less hazardous and so much more refreshing!

She is constantly under observation by the male members and a grammatical error or other inexcusable mistake is the springboard for remarks by the male members. Mr. Chenette, himself, does out plenty of this comment. In spite of this, Peggy usually keeps her temper, and in our hearts we have all developed a fondness for her.

Many a lesser woman would have just disintegrated under the rapid fire patter that is exchanged in moments of leisure and good spirits. Although under constant danger of a slighting remark or of having to defend the female sex, Peggy seems to thrive on it. She is also the one we can always depend on to turn in those long articles on Reed Hall. We all think she is a grand person.

Now comes that man of many mysteries. You have seen him going around the campus with a coat and scarf on one of the prettiest days, muttering about microbes and bacteria. He is none other than Darrell Terrell, feature writer on the Volette. He is known for his poems and is the writer who produces most of the Volette Poll write-ups. He is also quite an artist in the drawing sense of the word. His charcoal sketches show quite some talent. His interest in things esthetic makes him one of the most interesting persons on the campus if you are at all inclined toward that end, and I fear that the conversations at the Volette office would become too conventional if it were not for him.

Winthrop Gutmann is known by the student body as the one who writes up those profiles on students and faculty. Win is one of those versatile fellows who seem to know something about everything. He knows more than just something about skiing, for he won a championship in skiing when he was with the occupation forces in Japan. Win's enthusiastic conversation is noted for its buoyant and gay mood. He is quite able to talk seriously with a broad smile on his face and at the same time throw little comments that are the very essence of humor. Win is crazy about classical music, and he likes to sit down to a piano and just ad-lib. If you were to follow him home you would find in his spacious apartment a fellow roommate, Bruce Walker.

Bruce Walker, though not a Volette staff member, deserves mention for his frequent contributions and the fact that he currently rooms with Darrell and Win.

Betty Mills is the writer on the Volette Staff that turns in those good news articles on the doings

of Freeman Hall. She also holds down the presidency of the Home Economics Club. Betty is seldom seen around the Volette office, but she is always certain to have an entertaining article in on time. Such an ability brings joy to the hearts of ye editor who wishes he had a few more like her.

John McKnight is a quiet, retiring person who turns out those good articles on assembly. These are noted for their humorous twists and completeness of coverage.

Janice Cude is the business manager who makes it possible to print the paper. Without her aid the whole paper would cease to function over night.

"Chic" Robinson is the one who turns out those personalized house sketches. He perhaps presents the most true to life articles that we get, for he shows the boys he writes up as they actually are, and sort of give a view of the helter-skelter lives they live. We will all miss his usual article in this issue of the Volette; he has been sick and was too busy making up his work to write it, but we'll have one next time from him.

Martha Bellamy is noted for the short, concise articles she writes for the Volette, and we predict that she may get a job on the Reader's Digest as a condenser.

Last, but not least, we come to our dashing editor, David Meek. David is the nucleus around which the cumbersome machinery of the Volette revolves. His versatility ranges from the repair of eccentric typewriters to patching up conversations which have become a bit frayed and irritating. This sense of diplomacy is an invaluable asset to an editor as all editors know.

Life holds many thrills for David. Through the spacious window of the Volette office, he observes the fascinating products of generous Mother Nature. Manufacturers of textiles would appreciate his admiration and criticism of their creations.

Unfortunately, David must devote most of his time to more (so called) constructive activities. There are errands to be run, letters to answer, and numerous small, important things to be done if the machinery is to continue rolling smoothly. On the side, he writes scads of fillers, editorials, and other such non-sense.

All this work is very tiring. At the end of the day, ye editor rouses from his lethargy and says, "Oh my—yawn—what a day! Hmm, look what's coming across the campus!"

Knights of Wooden Box Hold Informal Dance; Betty Reynolds, Queen

Saturday night, April 2nd, at the gym was the time and setting for the informal sponsored by the KWBE's. Streamers of blue and white comprised the decorations complete with a crepe paper enclosure which represented station KWBE from which was dispensed dreamy dance music that featured some of the leading bands and vocalists of the currently popular field of artists. Capable disc jockeys for the evening were James Lee Woody and Paul Pitt.

The high spot of the evening naturally was the crowning of the attractive queen, Betty Reynolds. Jack McIlwain, doing the honors in the absence of President Clayton Pruett, placed a unique crown of white carnations upon Betty's blond tresses and sealed her coronation with the customary kiss.

Following this was one of the most humorous pantomimes ever presented. It concerned the always fascinating adventure of "Pokey Huntus" and Captain John Smith and somehow presented by the Knights, it was even more fascinating. Roy Moody, representing a scene laid in the woods, was very convincing and very stalwart. It was a very sturdy scene that could submit to being swept upon, stalked upon and fallen upon by successively the North Wind, Ray Blanton, the vengeful Chief Powder Can, Paul Pitt, who literally kicked the bucket at the end, and the Curtain, Benny Brasher. Laurence Rogers was the sturdy pine tree so realistically shaken by the North Wind and Captain John Smith, himself, was portrayed by Calvin White who gave the heart complete with a pin to fasten it on with to the fair "Pokey Huntus" or Anne C. Ralph. The holy father who tied the realistic knot of matrimony a bit tight was James Woody and the resplendent sun which cast its magnificent rays over the entire cast was Fort Wayne Hopper with the aid of a flashlight. The sequence was narrated by Jack McIlwain. It all terminated happily and was one of the most unusual and entertaining floor shows yet.

About midway during the evening, refreshments consisting of different kinds of cookies and soft drinks were served in the lobby of the gym. Dancing filled the remainder of the evening and as usual with good times, it was 11:30 all too soon an dime to leave with another pleasant memory of a wonderful dance, thanks to our Knights of the Wooden Box.

Peggie Beaver

Forum Club . . .

(Continued on back page)

pedal—we played the darn thing anyway!

But that's getting a bit ahead of the story. For the sake of a few facts, Anne Carolyn's program was produced around the theme of education which had effectively been worked into a very entertaining program. Speeches on the topic, "Why I Want To Be a Teacher," were given by Joan Neely and Betty Houston. Wilma Stowe, accompanied by Billie Henry, was along to offer a group of popular tunes. Rainey and Anne Carolyn did their previously mentioned tap dance, again accompanied by Billie. A novelty reading was given by Anne Carolyn called "Weon the Wion" (Leon the lion). And guess who stole the show by simply being M. C. You guessed it—Neely!

While this group was at Tiptonville and Ridgely giving its program, the other group was at Troy and Obion presenting a straight musical program. With Mr. Allen acting as M. C., and with Bruce Walker as piano accompanist, the following program was given: "My Beautiful Lady" and "Beautiful Dreamer" sung by Don Fisher; "If You Were the Only Girl" and "Desert Song" by Ralph Guthrie; "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" and "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms" by Carolyn Corum; "Going Home" and the "Rosary" by Joy Kerby. A reading called "The Touch of the Master's Hand" was also given by Bruce.

At noon the two groups met down on Reelfoot Lake and had dinner at a quaint little place called The Wagon Wheel. After that meal, everyone agreed that he would perform any day in the week for food like that. We were given our choice of a Fish, Ham, or Chicken dinner. Among us all, we had all three. We were served family style and so much we even left part of it behind. I beg your pardon, Guthrie wrapped it up and put it in his pocket!

Thursday afternoon the two groups went to Hornbeak and pooled the two programs—sort of half and half, you know.

Then we turned once more toward good old UTJC, tired, but happy with our success. Oh, by the way, all the way back to Union City, Mr. Allen, having lost sight of Neely and the state Chevy, pushed the little Ford along at a right peppy pace, trying to overtake them. A funny thing—you know we never did catch up with Neely—she was behind us all the time, chasing us.

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